

money, and here
 comes an
 article
 by Mr. M.
 on the
 subject of
 business
 articles.
 Presi-
 dent of
 the
 nation,

Home Circle.

Conducted by Mrs. J. B. Gambrell

Editorial.

Parental Friendship.

"A man that hath friends, must show himself friendly," says the Scripture and the truthfulness of the proposition is so universally acknowledged that one never expects to be required to continue in a friendly attitude towards another, if there is not some reciprocity of the friendship. One is in no danger of feeling that all obligation rests upon one side in the practice of this beautiful virtue; but it is to be doubted whether in the family circle the best of parents do not fail of doing their duty, at least in showing themselves friendly.

It would almost be thought treasonable to doubt the friendship of different members of the family towards each other, but if one waited for the expression of friendship as confirmation of its existence, doubts would be strewn thicker than Autumn leaves. These words are intended mainly for parents: Show friendship for your children, show it to them, do not expect them to take it as a matter of course that you are their friends; others who have not a tithe of the love for them which you feel, show themselves friendly, and win their hearts away from you, perhaps, until your power for influencing them for good is gone.

Talking once with a bright boy about a man who exerted a great influence over him, we asked, "what is there about Mr. W., that you admire so much that you listen to, and heed all he says?" He replied, "Oh, he shows me he is my friend, and that is the reason I believe in him and try to imitate him." That boy's father was a good man, a Christian, and noted for his piety and uprightness; he had sorrowed over the evil influences which were drawing his boy's heart away from him, but when his children asked the bread of friendship, he gave them a stone in the shape of fault-finding until when we suggested that the father was a better, truer friend than the man who showed himself friendly, the boy looked at us in astonishment, saying, "You don't know father as we do; he never speaks to any of us like he does to his friends."

Recently, in reading The Princess Alice's letters, we were struck with this expression about her children: "I prayed God to make me fit to be their real friend, and stay as long as they require me, and to have the insight into their different characters to guide them aright, and to understand their different wants and feelings." She showed in that the true mother-heart. This one chord is tuned in unison in all grades and classes, in all climes and countries. The feeling of love and friendship is in the parents' hearts, but the expression thereof is often withheld, and with what dire results. The father is busy with his farm, his merchandise, his profession, or whatever his calling may be, counting himself the bread-winner, he excuses himself from any responsibility more than providing for the temporal wants of his children; all while their bright minds are imbibing lessons from everything and every person they come in contact with, and their hungry hearts are crying out to be fed with the tender fruits of love and friendship. What wonder is it that they conclude that they are of little importance to father, that father's business is dearer to his heart than home and children, and turn to those who show themselves friendly for advice, comfort and guidance.

In talking with a wayward young man, we thought to touch his heart by referring to the grief and heart-sorrow his father would feel over his course, he laughed a low, mocking laugh and said, "Just so I do not disgrace my father publicly, that is all he cares for. You are my friend, I know, for you show your friendship; but if my father is really my friend, he has kept the fact hidden from me."

There is something wrong, some fatal neglect somewhere, if children do not feel and know of a truth that father and mother are the best earthly friends.

Parents fail to show friendship to their children from various causes, yet these causes are not remediless if unremovable. The cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches choke out all expression of friendship, and leave no time for even an acquaintance-ship which might ripen into a beautiful influence over the hearts and souls of the children. Many parents neither have nor try to have any sympathy with their children in their studies, pleasures or other pursuits. When did we

not know that old, old adage? "Children should know their place and keep it?" It is true, every word of it, but where is their place if not in the hearts of their parents? Did ever a child want to give up his place in the hearts of his parents? No, never. They may be persuaded that they have no place there, by those who show themselves friendly, if the parents manifest no tenderness, no interest or sympathy; but we dare affirm without the fear of successful contradiction, if parents took the same pains to show friendship at all times to their children that they do to persons outside of the family no one could obtain an influence over the children strong enough to lead them away from the practice of their parents' precepts.

M. T. G.

Communications.

LENA LANGFORD.

On Sowing and Reaping.

BY W. L. HARGIS.

CHAPTER VII.

Already a star had dawned upon the "reformation" and it hung out in the heaven, as the star of Bethlehem, to guide the little band to the goal of success, and a happy reward. Lena slept better that night than she had slept since the unfortunate circumstance of John Logan's being stabbed, to which she felt that she was accessory. Mr. Gilson, during their ride, had talked very freely about the matter which had separated them for a time, but which also had led them back to each other's friendship, to unite them in stronger ties than ever before. They were much more congenial in many respects than when Lena had refused him her company.

Gilson was not slow to see that she was prompted by pure motives and that his interest was considered as much as anything else. Her reasons and demands were so just that he could not help seeing their justness. He was brought to consider the relations between young men and young ladies. He thus expressed himself to Lena, as they drove off from the gate, up Main street, and out into the beautiful road leading north: "Miss Lena, I feel more like a gentleman today than I have ever felt before, and it is all because you showed me in such a kind Christian spirit that I was not a true gentleman. I shall always be grateful to you for seeing me as I could not see myself, and telling me of my faults; at the same time pointing out the result of pursuing such a course."

"Mr. Gilson, indeed, I deserve little of your gratitude. I believe that God has had much to do in the matter. I have never been so blind to my duty in social life. I have often felt before that I should not encourage young men to continue reckless and thoughtless by seeming to endorse their conduct, when, really, within my heart I did not. But, like many other young girls who are borne along by the rapid current of custom and popularity, eagerly catching at the flowers on the shore as they glide along the bank, unconscious that some one may be ready to sink to rise no more, until the shrill cry of despair is heard, as he loses his hold upon the boat, which arouses them to a sense of their duty. Then we begin to think, and wish we had stretched forth a helping hand. So, I believe that God has shown me, in the death of John Logan, that I can not afford to smother my convictions of duty, but must labor for the reformation of those over whom I have any influence; pardon me, Mr. Gilson, for my display of egotism," exclaimed Lena, somewhat confused, as she noticed the bright twinkle in Mr. Gilson's eyes.

"Miss Lena, you evidently have been instrumental in reforming me; and I know of no way in which I can repay you."

"It is God you owe, Mr. Gilson, and not me."

"I hope to be able to show my gratitude to God, by showing it to one of his children. For you know, the Savior said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these little ones, ye did it unto me.'"

Here the conversation turned upon other things.

It would be altogether in place to say just here that several young men of the town of M., were becoming somewhat restless, and that three or four were seen gathered in a grove not far from the College, young men, whose requests to accompany the young ladies to church that morning, had been politely declined, with proper reasons assigned, comparing notes, which, as was afterwards revealed, proved to be the notes they had received from the young ladies in reply to theirs.

For the benefit of girls who may wish to refuse the attendance of young men of doubtful morals, and

wish to reply in such a way as to not incur their displeasure, and at the same time convince them that she is justified in her course toward them, and are not prompted by malice or anything else but to maintain the inalienable right to choose their company, and to require that young men should possess all the traits of character that they expect in young ladies. I give in full one of the notes that were creating so much interest among the young men in the grove:

"Mr. LYNN—Pardon me for not granting your request. But of course you are not unreasonable, and will not consider me either unreasonable or unjust, when I demand as much of you as you demand of me. You expect me to be all that a woman should be to make her a true woman. So I demand that you be all that you should be to make you a true man. Your judgment will readily tell you what those qualities are, and further, that we can, upon no principle of justice, demand more than we give. I can no longer adhere to a custom that makes invidious distinctions. You can not and will not expect me to make a compromise with you by offering you more good traits of character for your associational capacities to feast upon, than you offer me. When you can offer me value received, my company will be at your command. May God help you to consider this matter."

Your friend,

MARY COLEMAN.

Lena and Mary were Christians. They, it would seem, for the first time, fully realized the very responsible position they occupied. Birta Jones was not a Christian, but with characteristic good sense, was not slow to understand that she had a mission to perform, of greater importance than merely courting popularity. While there were no girls, perhaps, that enjoyed the society of young men more, or would try harder to please them and render herself attractive, than Birta Jones, yet her acute perceptions often detected things beneath the assumed and studied polish of manners that betrayed a secret life that was repulsive to her refined sensibilities, yet she must not say anything. He is popular. I hope he will reform. If other girls associate with him, I suppose I can. I am no better than they are; and, more, should I discard every one who shows a cloven foot, I would soon be without a suitor. She would reason thus with herself.

So would the other girls; but now they had taken a stand for the right; and the right they would maintain.

"Who is that note from, Birta?" asked Mary, as she playfully tried to seize it.

"Never mind who it is from. It is not a part of our constitution that I am to let you read every letter I get, or to even tell you who they are from. It is not from Mr. Lynn, you may be assured. Well, I declare, if there is not enclosed with mine a letter to you from Lynn. As it has been sent in my care, I am entitled to know the contents."

"O Birta, you treat me mean. You should hand it to me and let me read it first."

As there was only three lines, Birta soon handed it to Mary, when she read as follows:

"MISS COLEMAN—Permit me to say that I will not be dictated to, with reference to my course of conduct, by any woman."

Yours,

SEAN LYNN.

"Well, I have failed in my first attempt at reformation. Maybe I'll be more successful next time."

The following week passed off quietly. All the girls were regularly at their post of study; but there was a manifest coolness on the part of Susan and Annie toward the other girls.

[Continued.]

No Use in Being in a Hurry.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

One pleasant summer's evening, a score of young girls, the boys in a certain country neighborhood, as their custom was, were playing ball on the green in front of the brickyard district school-house.

As the twilight deepened, an aged man with long gray hair falling over his shoulders, walked briskly past, nodding a "good-evening" to those who were gathered there.

As he turned into a foot-path that led across the fields to another school-house near the Broad-brook.

"Good-evening sir!" "Good-evening Uncle Eben!" responded all the bright-faced young fellows, with cordial respect, and when he was out of ear-shot, Zi Morris said,—"He's bound for the Broad-brook prayer-meeting."

"And he has been at work all day in the brickyard, and he is as tired as can be," said Sid Miller. "Just to think of his footing it away over there and back again."

"He's a real Christian," put in Sammy Bishop, hitting the ball, dropping the bat and running,

while the words were leaving his lips. As he stood on the first bound awaiting his chance, he added bravely, "I mean to be a Christian sometime; and when I am, I hope I shall be such a one as Uncle Eben. He never shirks any of his duties. He goes to all the meetings and prays and sings as if he enjoyed it. He talks to us boys as though he loved us, and loved the gospel he was recommending, and somehow he makes a fellow feel as if the religion he is so full of is a good thing to have."

"I suppose we all mean to be Christians sometime," said Ned Morrill, walking along slowly and thoughtfully to pick up the bat, "but there's no need of being in a hurry about it. I say, boys, it is too dark to play any longer! Remember, Sammy, it's our ins-to-morrow night," and the game broke up.

The next night the same little company were assembled after supper, in the brickyard just beyond the school-house green, engaged in good naturedly throwing bits of brick at each other, calling out as the missile left their hand.

"Dodge it, Zi!" cried it, Sam-

"Dodge it, Ned."

The dodging was usually successful, but at last a bit of Sammy upon the temple. As he put up his hand some of the boys thought he turned pale but there was no scratch or bruise visible; and the boys laughed when he said cheerfully and pleasantly, "I guess I won't play any more," and jumping over the fence, walked slowly across the fields to his home a few rods away.

His mother noticed that his face was very pale as he entered the back-door, passed through the kitchen, where she was folding clothes for the morning's ironing, and on up-stairs to his room.

After an interval of a few minutes she followed, finding him lying across his bed insensible. All her efforts to rouse him were unavailing, and in a few minutes he ceased to breathe. The physician called, on examination, that the shock of the blow burst a blood-vessel and his brain was drowned.

Only four days later and the neighborhood boys were gathered in the twilight, after the funeral, lying quietly and sadly on the turf beside the school-house. They were talking in subdued tones of their dead companion and friend. "Do you remember," half whispered Ned Morrill, "show the other night, when Uncle Eben went by he said he meant to be a Christian sometime, and he hoped he should be just such a one as Uncle Eben?"

"Yes," "Oh yes," assented the boys.

"Well, I wanted to say then that we all ought to be Christians, and to propose going across to the prayer-meeting with Uncle Eben, and taking a stand then and there; but I was too cowardly to follow my convictions of duty, and said instead, 'There is no hurry.' Had I proposed going to the prayer-meeting, Sammy would have been the one to take the lead. Why did I not do so? Oh I cannot bear it, that I should have been permitted to utter those fatal words."

"There is time enough," Oh, I could only take them back," and the strong had rolled on the grass in agony of spirit, while his companions sobbed audibly in grief and sympathy.

That hour of regret was never forgotten by those boys. They soon after in a prayer-meeting led by Uncle Eben declared their determination to join forces with the army of the Lord. They are now all working Christians, one at least is a minister of the Gospel, and that early experience has made itself felt in all their lives. Their motto is not, "There is time enough," but "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—Nathaniel.

An Excellent Plan.

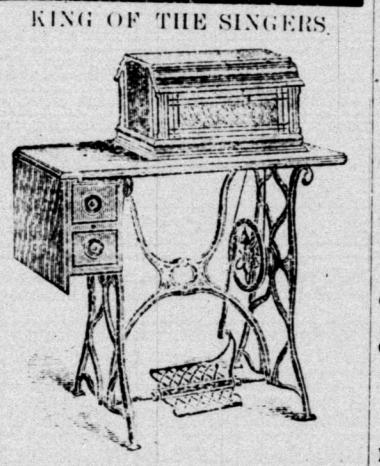
When a girl is ten years of age she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets ten cents a week, she should purchase all her stockings, or all her gloves, as the mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course, the mother will see to it that the sum is sufficient to do this, and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend just as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labor, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should increase, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know of a

lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labor, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl, or a daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage and stimulate her in the work.—Woman's Journal.

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Mail No. 1—Going North.

Leave Jackson, Miss. 7:00 a.m.

Arrive at Memphis, Tenn. 9:40 a.m.

Freight No. 5—Going North.

Leave Jackson, Miss. 2:50 a.m.

Arrive at Memphis, Tenn. 5:25 a.m.

Mail No. 2—Going South.

Leave Memphis, Tenn. 12:35 p.m.

Arrive at Jackson, Miss. 5:20 p.m.

Freight No. 6—Going South.

Leave Memphis, Tenn. 6:10 p.m.

Arrive at Jackson, Miss. 9:00 p.m.

Natchez, Jackson and Columbus.

Going East—Mail leaves Natchez 2:30 p.m.

Arrives at Jackson 8:00 p.m.

Going West—Mail leaves Jackson 7 a.m.

Arrives at Natchez 1 p.m.

I Lines Central.

Going North.

No. 2—Mail—pass Jackson—6:45 p.m.

" 1—Express—pass Jackson—12:10 a.m.

" 8—Way Freight—pass Jackson—5:15 a.m.

Going South.

No. 1—Mail—pass Jackson—10:45 p.m.

" 3—Express—pass Jackson—3:30 a.m.

" 7—Way Freight—pass Jackson—8:50 a.m.

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Leave Vicksburg, Miss. 7:15 p.m.

Clinton, Miss. 9:30 p.m.

Jackson, Miss. 10:20 p.m.

Arrive at Meridian, Miss. 1:20 a.m.

Accommodation, Going East.

Leave Vicksburg, Miss. 2:40 p.m.

Clinton, Miss. 4:32 p.m.

Arrive at Jackson, Miss. 5:00 p.m.

Mail, Going West.

Leave Meridian, Miss. 10:20 p.m.

Jackson, Miss. 3:40 a.m.

Clinton, Miss. 4:10 a.m.

Arrive at Vicksburg, Miss. 6:00 a.m.

Accommodation, Going West.

Leave Jackson, Miss. 7:40 a.m.

Clinton, Miss. 9:00 a.m.

Arrive at Vicksburg, Miss. 10:00 a.m.

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